

CHICAGO SHADY DEALER



Volume XIV Issue 5

COMEDY THRIVES IN DARKNESS

March 9, 2018

University Announces New Dorm to be Located in the Cayman Islands

By Deblina Mukherjee

An email from Dean John "Jay" Boyer confirmed what Dealer investigators have long suspected: the University's newest residence hall will be located safely off-shore in the Cayman Islands. Architectural plans obtained by the Dealer also show that it will house approximately 1,200 undergraduate students and resident staff in 11 three-floor Houses, along with a new dining commons and community amenities for each House, such as lounges, study rooms, outdoor spaces, and one highly secure titanium vault guarded by a giant named Brewster.

Boyer elaborated on the plans, writing: "The College's newest dormitory and dining hall will indeed be located in the Cayman islands, and it will be the first of



several offshore dorms that will be built to house students from former satellite dorms."

"This new development will not only contribute to the expanding and inescapable domain of housing culture, but also will provide some much needed investment and development to the economi-

Photo By Aubrey Christofersen

cally-blighted Cayman Islands," Boyer wrote. "The dorm will also offer community resources in a high-quality environment designed to foster intellectual exploration, financial development, and above all, security and privacy."

A leaked draft of the email obtained by the Dealer clarified that "Brewster isn't gonna let anyone in who isn't supposed to be there; our investments and students will be completely safe."

Construction is slated to begin in the summer of 2018 and be completed in advance of the 2020-2021 academic year, following the College's Initial Public Offering. However the construction team already has a head start—since the titanium vault has already been built.

University Drug Ring Busted For Over 30 Pounds Of Raw Prozac

By Ryan Fleishman

In a sting operation planned over the course of seven months, the University of Chicago Police Department (UCPD) finally took down a massive University drug ring responsible for pumping more than 30 pounds of pure, raw Prozac into the student body. This vile drug ring has already proven to have smuggled over 40 million dollars of unadulterated Prozac to troubled University students, as well as 10 million dollars of alternate antidepressants such as Zoloft and Lexapro. According to preliminary police reports,

the illicit Prozac deals took place mainly inside the CVS Pharmacy on 53rd with the collaboration of corrupt psychiatrists and pharmacists who were willing to bust out a bottle of Prozac for any sad sack. Those poor souls addicted to Prozac have no choice but to take a pill every evening or suffer from horrible withdrawal symptoms that coincidentally are identical to how the addicts felt before taking Prozac in the first place.

"These illegal drugs may seem harmless, but they have long term adverse effects on your health such as happiness and

emotional stability," said UCPD Chief Therman Goodwell with a grimace and a hundred-mile stare. "We will not tolerate any of these vile, well-adjusted ingrates here at the University of Chicago. I've personally had to say my final farewells to many a Prozac addict that decided to leave this god-forsaken university." At press time, the UCPD has announced that they recently finished clearing out all the illicit antidepressants smuggled onto campus and intend to focus their efforts on lesser evils such as caffeine, pornography, and crystal meth.

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE CHICAGO SHADY DEALER

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DISCLAIMER

Did we hurt your feelings, or say something that "rings untrue" in your soft ears? Well you're paying too much attention to what we said, and not enough attention to what we meant. Any complaints can be emailed to collegeadmissions@uchicago.edu.

META-DISCLAIMER

Okay, but seriously, we're all just trying to cut to the core of what's wrong with society, and specifically, our weird school. We're genuinely sorry we spelled everything so terribly wrong.

META-META-DISCLAIMER

To be clear, we still stand by our original comments; God is God, the river is swift, and we don't give a fuck.

SPONSORED CONTENT: Just Drink the Damn Tea

Yeah, yeah, we've heard it all, you sniveling chumps. "Ugh, Te Amo's so expensive"; "Why do I have to pay extra for boba?"; "Oh no, they never have anything I want to order." We hear you, we understand you, but we don't actually fucking care. Just drink the fucking tea.

Oh? Are the widdle babies sad they have to pay a lot? Why don't mommy and daddy send you another Canada Goose to wipe your snotty noses on, you baby-backed brats? You want some boba? Whoop-

dee-fucking-doo, we have some. If you don't want it, go spend a fucking year

on the CTA to go get some. Or you can suck our tapioca balls, because however

much you keep whining, there's a reason we're always out of tea, and it's not because you preppy fucks find somewhere else to take selfies with your mango-peach boba.

There's a lot we could do to improve, and we've definitely received a bunch of criticism in our first few weeks in Hyde Park. But until you whiny suckers stop spending money from the internship your pederast got for you last summer

on our crap tea, then feel free to eat shit and shut up.



Fan Mail

From: Jo.Kute05@gmail.com
Subject: Maxwell

The personal adviser of my deceased client is a national of your country .I am contacting you to assist retrieve his huge deposit of US\$10.5Million left in the bank before its Get confiscated by the bank

David Maxwell.Esq

From: Joseph Taillon
Subject: Fuck, Marry Kill

Fuck: Ellison, Marry: Boyer, Kill: Zimmer
you people disgust me

**SEND US ARTICLE SUBMISSIONS AND ANYTHING ELSE:
CHICAGOSHADYDEALER@GMAIL.COM
MAYBE WE'LL PRINT IT, AND THAT'S A THREAT!**

Canada Geese Fly South as Spring Approaches

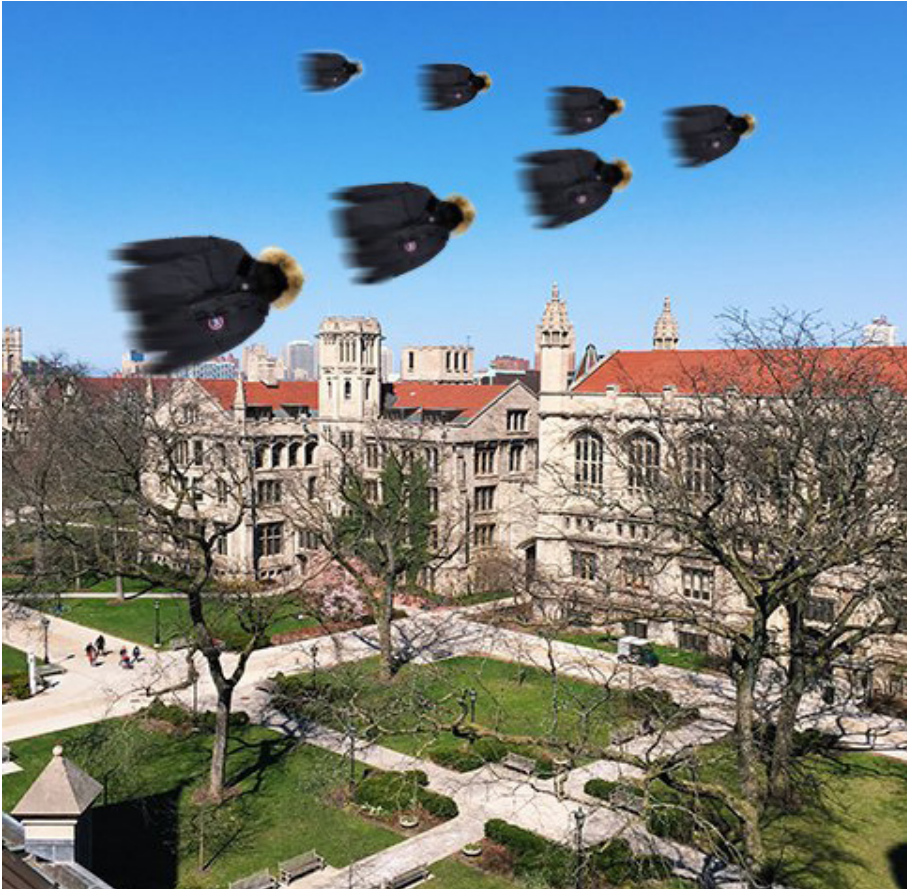


Photo By Aubrey Christofersen; let's all give a big round of applause to Aubrey Christofersen our amazing photoeditor! Isn't it nice he does all these photos for us? Pro!

By Diego Matamoros

Spring has arrived in Chicago, and with it the familiar scenes that mark the changing of the seasons: the melting of the last snow, births, and the Cana-

da Goose jackets' migration away from Hyde Park. Every year, students marvel at the flocks of Canada Goose jackets making their annual exodus from the Quad back to their nesting grounds in dorm room closets across campus. "It always takes my breath away," said third year Ryan Turner when asked to describe his reaction to the migration. "There's nothing more magical than seeing all those jackets in V formation Naruto-running across the quad back to their summer homes."

Alas, everything isn't sunshine and raincoats when it comes to these majestic creatures. Not all the jackets that arrive on campus in the winter make it to spring, with many a goose being lost to hype beasts and hunters in fraternity parties across campus. Scientists warn that if the current trend continues, only 9 out of every 10 UChicago students might have access to these jackets by the year 2025. If you would like to help, please donate to your nearest Canada Goose Jacket Conservation RSO to make sure that students will be able to appreciate these magical beasts for generations to come .

Cum-Stained David Lynch Posters Spotted Behind Doc Films

By Nik Varley

At approximately 11:30 p.m., The Shady Dealer received a tip claiming that there is an enormous pile of visibly-stained David Lynch posters outside the Doc Films office in Ida Noyes hall. The posters, advertising Lynch classics such as *Inland Empire*, *Mulholland Drive*, and *Blue Velvet*, were loosely arranged into a rectangular mound, and their stains appear to be sexual in nature. "It's basically a huge festering pile of slowly rotting gloss paper with a few tangled 35mm film reels mixed in – it actually kind of looks like something you'd see in *Eraserhead* or *Elephant*

Man," the anonymous informant told the Dealer. "I'm not totally sure how long it's been there, but they have an original poster for *The Lost Highway* in there, which means this might have been going on since 1997."

When asked if they were sure that the pile was used for sexual purposes, the informant claimed to be "almost certain," explaining, "When you see these kids [the Doc Films student board] start to go off on how Lynch 'used dream theory to decontextualize oedipal drives within the symbolic and imaginary psychological realms,' they get a certain look in their eyes which really can only mean

one thing."

A representative from Doc Films vehemently denied the allegations, stating, "While we have a great appreciation for Lynch's work and the ways in which his innovative narrative structures and *mis  n-sc  ne* inject his films with nascent and explicit eroticisms, we resist the notion that we, the Doc Films student board, perform sexual activity on a huge mound of his movie posters. The idea is crass and ridiculous."

"We do, however," the representative continued, "frequently have sex on that big pile of Godard posters in the projection booth."

Campus Blue Lights Form Union

By Jalen Jiang

A contingent of campus-wide emergency phones voted in favor of forming a union, with 192 of the inanimate steel posts casting 'YES' votes over 95 'NO' votes. Polling took place between 9 a.m. and 7 p.m. at Reynolds Club last Thursday.

The University's attempts to delay voting drew the ire of the phones' most vocal pro-union activists. Phone No. 55, posted on 55th and Ellis, stated that current working conditions are unacceptable. "It's rough in these streets," said the unmoving sidewalk fixture, adding that its attempts to submit a work order for its flickering blue light were repeatedly met with Shibboleth Errors.

At the polling place, Phone No. 24 told the Dealer, "It's high time people start-

ed listening to us. They're always trying to push our buttons." Phone No. 23, angrily flashing its blue light at a violently accelerated frequency, responded, "Well, that all ends soon. We will get our union."

Fourth-year Charlotte Zhang, the lead volunteer poll worker, said that voter turnout significantly exceeded expectations. "It's super impressive how many of them came out today, considering their whole 'permanent-affixion-to-the-ground' situation," said Zhang. "However the results turn out, today was a good day for democracy." Zhang confirmed that of the approximately 380 emergency phones employed by the UChicago Department of Safety and Security, 298 had turned out to cast a vote. Besides the afore-

mentioned 192 in favor of unionizing and 95 against, the 11 remaining voters had all written in "Ron Paul."

Despite the pro-union camp's overwhelming victory, not everyone was happy with the results of the vote. Phone No. 37, posted at 58th and Dorchester, was disappointed in the result. A self-described "loose cannon" of the force, he believes that hardship is a part of the job. "See this right

here? I've had that stuck on me since last night," said No. 37, motionlessly gesturing to the plastic bag caught between its rusted side and the adjacent bush. "I've been on the force for decades, seen all kinds of fools walk by, staring at my red button, thinking of pushing it, wondering what'll happen. I stare back at them, like, I dare you. Try me. They always back down."

In the weeks leading up to the vote, the administrators had sent out a cautionary email titled "Let's Not Be Hasty," which argued that a union was not the best way for them to work with such a diverse staff of telecommunicative metal boxes. "Don't get us wrong; the University works well with a variety of existing unions that represent many of our employees," the email reads. "But does there really have to be one more?"

The day after the vote, however, the administration released a somewhat concessionary statement in light of the news. "Despite our disagreements with the outcome of the vote, the University remains dedicated to supporting ourselves and working toward our own best interests. Regardless of how things might work out moving forward, we will continue to be unstoppable, like a fortified steamroller."



Top Campus Cafes Ranked by Sexual Tension

By Antonia Salisbury

So you came here to study? Well, we all "came here to study," kid. That doesn't mean you can't check out the tall glass of iced coffee behind the counter. That's right, the one all wrapped up in a baseball hat who says, "Eeek we actually don't have almond milk" just the way you like. Or perhaps we can interest you in a very sleepy TA wearing possibly-real glasses but definitely the same clothes from yesterday.

That's right flirts, we have it all. Come on down to where the smell is weird and

the tension is palpable.

1. If you thought middle school was cool then you have to check out Harper Café. I have the best luck asking people to dances, anonymously on UChicago Crushes, here.

2. If you even know what high school is, I highly recommend Ex Libris Café. Conveniently located in a cafeteria that was surgically transplanted in the Reg, Ex Lib is awesome and makes me feel ready to date/place an AP Number Label on the back cover of my Student Pack. And if all goes well: [http://rooms.](http://rooms.lib.uchicago.edu/)

[lib.uchicago.edu/](http://rooms.lib.uchicago.edu/).

3. Keep your finger on the pulse of the Beat Generation at Hallowed Grounds, where turtle necks are high and pool cues are long and broken. If you tell me about your causal insomnia, I'll tell you about my intravenous coffee intake. Then we'll all make out.

4. Last but not least, I nominate Dollop for their commendable location in the dorm on campus with the most sex per capita. Like a casino in a hotel. Or a coffee shop in a hotel, full of college students. Exquisite!

POLICE AND DRINKS 2

UCPD Unveils New Patrol Zeppelin

By Thomas Noriega

In an effort to expand police coverage across the greater South Side, the University of Chicago Police Department has invested \$12 million in a state-of-the-art patrol zeppelin. The airship, capable of staying aloft for over 50 hours on a single tank of helium, is equipped with dozens of high-tech crime-fighting gadgets capable of extending UCPD's jurisdiction to the heavens above.

The zeppelin, christened the UCS Arley D. Cathey, carries several high-powered spotlights to illuminate the back alleys of the South Side and whatever room you're currently fucking in. A sophisticated radar is able to track students by their UCIDs, keeping precise tabs on their every move, provided they never misplace their IDs, which UCPD has been assured rarely happens. A set of booming loudspeakers will revolutionize the formerly text-only Security Alerts, so even students unable to access their emails will still be able to hear the sonorous voice of Eric M. "Jay" Heath (Vice President of Safety and Security) detailing the latest crimes and advisories from the skies above. A small fleet of



UCPD biplanes will also be deployable from the zeppelin's hangar bay, allowing for even more rapid response from campus security.

Woodlawn community leaders have been vocal in their opposition to the project. Many view this as a form of "vertical gentrification", extending UChicago's influence into regional airspace. The university denies such accusations, claiming that any self-respecting institution of higher learning has an

obligation to maintain an effective aerial superfortress.

In unrelated news, the zeppelin will also be host to a chic, high-end shopping center, complete with fine dining and entertainment venues. The university has expressed a deep, almost primal interest in putting a new dorm in the zeppelin, which will require a number of dedicated transport aircraft to ferry students between campus and their vast, looming residence in the sky.

Shake Day Moved to Medici

By Moustache McMannis

Following the decision to move Shake Day out of Einstein Bagels and into Hutchinson Commons last quarter, the University's administration has decided to move dollar shake sales to neighborhood hotspot Medici on 57th. Per an undisclosed agreement, Medici will continue to serve its usual shakes for the usual five dollars. When pressed about the price hike, members of the administration said that students were ignoring one improvement: that they could now buy shakes at The Med every day of the week. Additionally, the administration argued, "Five dollars are still technically dollars, making us comfortable continuing to call it 'Dollar Shake Wednesday.'" UCSA organizers struck back, arrang-

ing a sit-in around Levi Hall to prevent University leadership from entering until a compromise was reached. Unfortunately, President Zimmer's private hovercraft has so far allowed him to bypass the protest. Asked about the organizer's demands, the Administration declined to comment or release a statement.

In spite of the administration's stonewalling, several students have taken it upon themselves to investigate the change. Second year Janet Serif-Brick told the dealer, "When I went to Hutch for my dollar shake, I was kidnapped by hooded figures who whisked me onto the 171, rode from 57th and University to 55th and Kimbark, walked me two blocks south and one block towards the lake, and dumped me on Medici's

doorstep." Serif-Brick added, "Walking would have been way faster."

Upon reaching Medici, Serif-Brick confirmed what many students have been crying about: Medici's 5 dollar shakes were "good, but not worth the price or the trip over here." First year contrarian Paul Zoplatsky, however, contends that this reflects a positive change to Hyde Park's frozen dairy treat market: "Prices rising means higher quality, and everyone benefits from larger, better milkshakes available every day of the week" At press time, the University has yet to clarify why milkshakes are the discount snack of choice for a college located in such a swampy-lakeside tundra as Hyde Park.

Lil Uzi Vert Wins Winter Olympic Freestyle

By Ryan Fleishman

In an upset victory sure to define American sports for years to come, Lil Uzi Vert has officially won the Olympic gold medal in Men's Freestyle at the 2018 Pyeongchang Winter Olympics. As the dark horse competitor for the United States of America, Lil Uzi Vert wowed the world with a score of 97.36. While men's freestyle has historically been dominated by American competitors such as the Notorious B.I.G. and Eminem, Canadian rapper Drake has brought home the gold medal for the last two Olympic games. The odds were stacked against Lil Uzi Vert: Drake was competing on the top of his game, while

Lil Uzi Vert was still recovering from a bad vocal strain he sustained the previous month. In fact, spectators around the world doubted Lil Uzi Vert would even place after an he received an embarrassing technical foul in the semifinals for a failed attempt at rhyming "Hennessy" with "Kentucky." However, Lil Uzi Vert subverted everyone's expectations and dominated the competition with his unparalleled 16-bars in the short program. The crowd knew they were watching a gold medalist in the making when Lil Uzi Vert started his freestyle with the powerful line, "Lil Uzi Vert's dick is in a rut / When he sees a hot biddy he finna nut." Lil Uzi Vert

proceeded to drop what many believe are the hardest bars in human history, mixing his unique perspective on the rap game with his unrivaled technique to blow the roof off the Pyeongchang Olympic Arena. Finally, in a moment that will be remembered for years to come, Lil Uzi Vert received a standing ovation after landing a picture-perfect triplet flow. This makes him the first American to do so at the Olympics since Tonya Harding in 1972. At press time, Lil Uzi Vert has announced plans to melt his gold medal and cast it in the shape of a grill, which he plans to wear every Friday for the rest of his life.

Op Ed: Petition to Democratize Golf Cart Access

By Milena Pross

As you may or may not have noticed, the University of Chicago possesses a veritable fleet of campus golf carts, but they seem to only be available to the College Programming Office and the "people" who "work" there. Additionally, they are only ever seen during O-Week, Parents Weekend, Graduation, and the CPO's other stunt holidays.

If you've ever seen a calendar before, you'll notice these events are localized to early fall and one week of June only. For the rest of year, who knows what the College Programming Office is up to? One can only imagine they are riding, hanging out on, sleeping on, kissing, and marrying their golf carts. I propose that the University make these elusive golf carts available to the student body, so that everyone on campus can have the opportunity to touch them.

Imagine this: you're walking to class, and you're running a little late. Wouldn't it be nice to hop in a golf cart, twist that key in the ignition, and ZOOM straight through the walls of Harper? I think it would certainly be preferable to the 172.

As someone who's had the privilege of driving on a golf course before, I can say that driving a golf cart is the most powerful feeling in the world. Nothing makes me feel more confident, competent, intelligent, capable, and horny. I think it's wrong that one little office has the keys to all the golf carts, and the rest of us students are barred from even going near them.

It's shocking to me that we, as students, can check out library books, camera equipment, and even 3D printers, but somehow sitting in a golf cart and flooring it across the Midway is "not allowed" and "an offense deserving of expulsion." When polled, students gave several creative and innovative ideas for what they would do with permission to use the golf carts. The number one answer, coming in at 85%, was "tricks." I don't know about you, but I'm sure that the tricks our students will come up with will be more than enough to defend UChicago's quirky, uncommon reputation, thereby attracting tons of new (and preferably wealthy) applicants to the school. Another 5% said they would like

to "bump people in a friendly way," 3% said they would "help plow the snow in winter," and 12% said they'd "drive for Uber."

All of these ideas are productive, intellectually engaging, and extremely physically stimulating. All golf cart authority is concentrated in the CPO, and that just doesn't seem right in 2018. I live in fear that one night, when I'm walking home from innocently studying, a crazed College Programming Officer will ram into me at a speedy 15 MPH out of sheer rage, spite, and hunger for absolute control.

I dream of a world where one can simply roll out of bed, sit on some cold hard pleather (no seatbelts), and book it anywhere they wanna go across this fine city. I cannot rest until every student has been issued their own personal golf cart. If Pacific Coast Academy can afford to offer each student a Jet-X, I think the University of Chicago can pull through with a couple thousand golf carts. Also, I think they should let me attend classes again.

JOIN US: SUNDAYS AT 7PM IN HARPER 145

Album Review: Justin Timberlake's *Man of the Woods*

By Nik Varley

In 1804, Lewis and Clark set forth on an incredible journey to explore the uncharted wilderness of the American Frontier. It is in the spirit of these brave explorers that I set forth on an analogous journey: a blind foray into *Man of the Woods*, the latest LP from pop star Justin Timberlake. Like Lewis and Clark, I will surely encounter unknowable dangers for which I am completely unprepared, aural grizzly bears which wait for me in the depths of the album's 1-hour-5-minute run time. However, I am undeterred. Settling into my trusty dugout canoe, I set forth from safe and shiny civilization towards The Woods, heedless of the perils that may befall me. I have not been traveling for more than fifteen minutes before I encounter a feral Justin Timberlake feasting on the guts of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Poor and nude, the transcendentalist shrieks as Timberlake (himself dressed as Bruce Springsteen) viciously tears through him, using his the last of his strength to make a final argument for the truth, goodness, and beauty of nature in the face of Timberlake's animalistic assault. "Like breeze off the pond / let it flow through you / don't let it move you," slurps Timberlake, his nose buried like a rooting boar. Could this be the life that Timberlake describes in "Livin' Off the Land"? In the corner of my eye, I see two impaled figures who look suspiciously like William Wordsworth and Aldo Leopold. It is time to go – I scurry back to the canoe like a red squirrel.

The next day begins, and I find myself in a strange region of twisted sensuality which I mark on my map as The Sexual Forest. The thick mist of Timberlake's misplaced eroticism hangs thickly in the air, and I, disoriented, cannot help but see every feature of the land as a poorly-conceived sexual analogy. "This," I reason, "must be the realm in which Timberlake produced 'Supplies,' a song which ridiculously associates the phys-

ical act of love with surviving societal collapse."

Upsettingly, I am correct, and the trees, creeks, soils, deer, birds, toads, bugs, rocks, lichens, and wasps nests are all given a queasy seductive edge. I am plagued by a ceaseless and wholly unwanted erection for the duration of my time in the forest, which insists on performing shrill renditions of the album's other misplaced sexual ballads "Filthy" and "Sauce." "I like your pink, you like my purple," it sings annoyingly. "What-chu gonna do with all that meat?! / Put your filthy hands all over me!" I cannot oblige – I now feel as though human intimacy is better off as something existing only in books, and I am happy to leave the forest and its cloyingly seductive fog behind.



However, the next day offers me nothing but further confusion. I awaken to discover that the forest is in fact only a projection of a forest on a bare white wall surrounded by a few strategically-placed inflatable plastic palm trees (there is a lone lawn flamingo as well). "Higher Higher" and "Midnight Summer Jam" play simultaneously from an invisible speaker system; luckily, the songs are already indistinguishable. I turn to see an extremely disinterested Pharrell Williams seated at the projector, absentmindedly programming beats on a 15.4 inch Space Grey MacBook Pro W. Retina Display. "Pharrell!" I shout. "You produced dozens of classic songs over the past two decades! What are you doing on this piece of shit?" He turns to me boredly and opens his mouth, which produces the sound of a hundred thousand bison thundering across the prairie.

Deafened and defeated, I return to unconsciousness.

I awaken deep in the wilderness, hog-tied and suspended upside-down over an open fire at Timberlake's base camp, which is comprised of luxurious L.L. Bean deluxe tents and cooking tools connected to the battery of a Cadillac truck. Unaware that I am awake, Timberlake – now wearing the Levi's special addition flannel shirt designed to accompany his song "Flannel" (yes, he really did put a song called "Flannel" on here) – inspects a leaf as though he has never seen one before. He slowly puts it in his mouth.

"What happened to you, JT?" I exclaim, death approaching at the speed of a pronghorn. "Where's the carnal glamour of 'SexyBack' and 'Suit and Tie'? This album sounds like it was made by a horny high schooler who just back from a 3-week NOLS backpacking trip."

Timberlake gurgles menacingly by way of response (whether he is temporarily abstaining from speech or has lost the power entirely is unclear) and raises his multi-hundred-dollar Eddie Bauer knife to my throat. I take a deep breath and prepare to join Lewis and Clark in the next world.

Unless!

With the terrifying speed and precision of mountain lions, Janet Jackson and Britney Spears burst from the forest deep and proceed to repeatedly bludgeon Timberlake with river rocks until he lies comatose on the dusty ground. Wordlessly, they cut me loose before hot-wiring Timberlake's Cadillac and speeding off through the woods. A few disembodied moments of "Gimme More" float through the night, and then they are gone.

And I, much like the three hundred thousand people who have thus far purchased *Man of the Woods*, am left without any sense of closure or validated effort. Sadly dejected, I begin my long walk out of the woods, never to return.

MY OPINION IS VALID BECAUSE I USE HYPERLINKS

By Megan Parsons

There's something important going on in America, and we need to discuss it. I have strong opinions about this thing, as you can see from my many similar articles on the topic. What's more, I back up my opinions with facts. I can accomplish this online by including hyperlinks within my written argument that will, presumably, bring the reader to a swath of reputable sources.

However, thanks to the hectic pace of daily modern life, nobody bothers to check anything that I put under the hyperlinks, allowing me to seem authoritative with almost no effort whatsoever. For example, one recent study found that eating plain yogurt increases productivity by 15%. I bothered to reference something, and nobody would be so bold as to link to something fake or irrelevant, right? Here's another figure: 300,000. It is large, and a hyperlink! Who knows what I'm claiming about the number 300k? All we know is that I am definitely right. Senator Ted Cruz recently endorsed dynamite as "the snack America needs." Don't believe me? Here's the video.

Here's a cat. Here's a dog. Here's a study that says hearing a loud sound can make your ears triple in size. Here's a CNN poll where kindergartners predict the way you're more likely to die. Here's a naked photo of me, and here's a respectable medical journal. Thank you for your time.

*Having trouble with the links? Click Harder or visit our site: chicago-shadydealer.com

WHO'S LEFT? FIVE CELEBRITIES YOU CAN STILL WORSHIP

By Jacob Johnson

It's been a revealing few months for celebrity worshippers out there. With a slew of scandals and abuse stories com-

ing out, you might be wondering: who's left for me to make a giant shrine of in my bedroom? Whose posters will I be able to put up in my house without it turning out to be a huge mistake the following month? Don't sweat it. We've got you covered. Here's a list of five living celebrities that are guaranteed not to turn into monstrous versions of themselves within a week:

1. Corbin Bleu. Can you say "creme brulee?" This guy made all of our hearts melt in the High School Musical series, and has kind of just been coasting ever since with some musical albums, films, and charity work. Plus, look at that smile! That is the smile of a man who definitely will not do something so unspeakably terrible you'd feel bad for ever having liked him at all. You go, Corbin!
2. Robin Williams. I haven't seen much of this guy lately, but man, what an all-around great human being. Williams has played countless whimsical, hilarious characters and has a lot of heart. I don't know if it's a gut feeling or what, but something tells me that this man will not be committing any atrocities at any time in the future.

3. Tabitha Peterson. Tabitha is a pharmacist from Saint Paul, Minnesota who also happens to be on the 2018 women's olympic curling team for the U.S! In 2017, she placed 5th in the women's world curling championship. She works hard, has a good head on her shoulders, and has never killed anyone by hitting them over the head with a shovel. If you're gonna root for someone, why not root for Tabitha?

4. Brant. When he was in sixth grade, Brant got his start as "Applauding Audience Member #4" in Rob Reiner's production of "Flipped". Now 29, Brant is still on the hunt for his next acting gig, but from what I can tell from his masterful 1.73 seconds of screen time, he's got a bright future ahead of him. Let's all root for Brant, and pray that the fame and money from his illustrious acting career hasn't corrupted his soul and caused

him to develop a near-sociopathic sense of right and wrong.

5. The dog from "Air Bud". This adorable golden retriever used to have a habit of getting a little too friendly with people's legs. Then, he had his balls removed. Problem solved! Here's hoping that Buddy's treatment will be used on male celebrities everywhere.

WHY I ONLY EAT GMO ASS

By Megan Parsons

If you're a smart shopper, you already know why it's important to eat organic, free-range ass without additives or artificial preservatives. Personally, I like my ass without toxic chemicals, thank you very much! But what about GMOs? Advocates claim that eating genetically modified ass is perfectly safe, but the truth may not be so simple.

Genetically modified organisms, or GMOS, are living entities whose genetic material has been artificially manipulated in a laboratory (eek!) to produce more desirable qualities, such as having pesticide resistance or being extra thicc. GMOs have caused widespread controversy due to unresolved safety concerns and fear that these " Frankenfoods " will contaminate our natural ecosystem.

The government refuses to mandate labeling for GMO products. Thus, millions of Americans eat ass every day without knowing they contain GMOs. Moreover, due to their widespread use, it is very difficult to find an ass to spread wide that doesn't include any GMO components. That's why it's important to read the ingredient list on each and every ass that you eat, even if you shop at "healthy" grocery stores like Hole Foods.

Bottom line: whether you're tossing a salad in the kitchen or in the bedroom, you want to take every precaution to avoid insidious GMOs--no matter how far up there they're hidden.